Volume IX Chicago, Ill., November, 1932 Number 8

The Liberalist

Let us be content with what we have. Let us get rid of false estimates; but rather set up the higher ideals: A quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiring of genius; a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of bigotry, full of trust and hope and love. And to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

—David Swing.

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The Peoples Church

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ELEANOR OLSEN, Prop.

THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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MEDITATION

"Everlasting and Eternal Reality, help us, as we have seldom been helped before, in a realization of the loveliness and the beauty of life. May everything sordid and unkind and untrue, everything that has been already evidencing the tragedy of unreality, have no more power in our lives. May only those realities of Goodness and of Truth and of Beauty have any effect in our existence, and may we send out this morning to everybody who is listening, to all our sick and to all of our discouraged and saddened people, somehow may we be able to pick out and say those things that shall have so mighty a remedial influence in their lives that this will be a memorable moment for many a heart.

May we get the spirit that we are attempting to create in its beauty and excellence, and may every life that is in relationship with our service this morning, receive from the service today that definite thing that shall answer their particular individual needs, and that because of this service we may have contributed mightily to the development of peace and to the growth of that happiness which comes through conformity to the lovely. May every ounce of hate and all bitterness and all malice, all envy, everything that is not indicative of the highest mediumship of eternal things be separated from us this morning. May this be a chastening moment; may it be a moment of purification and of cleansing. May every heart and life contaminated or hurt or bruised by life find that all can be removed and sublimated and idealized until life shall have increased beauty and ever enlarging areas of fineness that will bring and constitute life's ultimate happiness.

When we read all the letters that we received during the week, and all the sorrow and all the problems and difficulties that have settled down upon the hearts of men and women, their hearts are so burdened and so loaded with care and anxiety, somehow, we would ask for strength and we would ask that, if we only could, we would take all these burdens and all these troubles and all these responsibilities that are so deadly and devitalizing, if we only could, we would bear them ourselves. Help us to make some contribution to the peace and happiness of mankind.

Bless particularly today those who have written us so deeply out of their own inner difficulties and struggles. Somehow, may they feel strength and encouragement and a renewal of vigor and vitality and love because of the service today. Wherever these words are going, may every listener know that they carry only encouragement, only love, and only desire that everybody might find that peace and that happiness which comes from being in tune and in touch with the sources of everlasting and eternal love."

"DOES LIFE BEGIN AT FORTY?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church Chicago—November 27, 1932. (Stenographically Reported.)

When I look out at this audience, I am reminded of what a young couple in the congregation said to me last week after the service: "You know, Dr. Bradley, we are a little bit suspicious about the sermon you are going to give next Sunday on "Does Life Begin at Forty?" We have been sort of looking up to you as the champion of youth—and you have said some very fine things about young people. You have defended modern youth and you have defended us when it has been a difficult thing to do. And now, here you are going to talk about 'life beginning at forty.' We hope that you are not going to re-organize or retract any of the things which you have said about youth up till now." And I answered: "There is only one way to find out about that, and that is to come and hear what I shall say tonight."

I am not going to retract **anything** I ever said about youth in my idea of what I have in mind to say to you about "life beginning at forty." But, you know, youth has had a rather uninterrupted way for the last 25 years. We have talked about it being a "young man's world," haven't we —a young person's age? In the last few years the growth of one of the greatest industrial institutions in the United States, the automobile industry, has been mostly managed and built up through the efforts of young men. I spoke at one of their great meetings some years ago in this city, and there were several hundred men of that industry gathered from all over this country. And there was not a man in that great conclave of manhood who was over forty. I turned to the presiding officer and said: "The automobile industry seems to be pretty much a young man's enterprise, doesn't it?" To which I answered: "Yes, **that** is its glory that will be its success!"

Up until now we have given rather a clear way to youth in the universities, in the education institutions, in the colleges — the professions, in the bsuiness world, and particularly in the ministry. You don't realize what a tragic thing it is to grow old in the ministry. Practically all of the great congregations of the great churches in America are not interested in any minister over 40 or 50 years of age. Whenever any of the great pulpits are vacant in the United States, the constant attitude of the church is: "We want a young man. Many of the great mercantile institutions of the country have all sorts of retiring ages, notably around 40 to 50, or, at the most 40 to 65. And whenever there is an opportunity in some of the legitimate businesses of America the first thing that those in charge of employment are concerned with is the **age** of a person. Thus, almost the first question on an application blank is always: "How old are you?"

One of the things that I am facing in the work which I am trying to do in this unemployment situation now in the city of Chicago is: that when I have an opportunity to send some man back into a legitimate business back into a job, or into a new start in life, the thing which I am constantly confronted with is: "He is too old. I am sorry Dr. Bradley, but we have a place only for a young man. We want a man about 25 years of age; we want a man about 30; but we can't use any one in our business over 40." Then, when I saw a book written by Walter Pitk

ntitled, "Life Begins at Forty," said to myself: **"There** is a sermon; **there** is an opportunity for me to say something which I have been wanting to say for a long, long time.

The other evening a gentleman was celebrating the anniversary of his wife, who was over forty. During the course of the dinner conversation, she remarked: "Charles, just think of it! I am over forty, and I am beginning to get old." And he looked at her and answered: "Oh, you don't need to worry about it. I would't let it concern me. You know, there is something in reaching one's peak successfully, and **that** you have done, my dear." Why there wasn't a murder I don't know. Nevertheless, that conversation took place. After learning about it, I said again to myself: "There is another idea to go into an address on "Does Life Begin at Forty?"

Just what are some of the disadvantages of being young- I know some of them because **I** have been young. I remember my own youth very well (for I am over 40), and everything which I shall say tonight I am saying on the basis of experience. I remember those early, far-off days of my own **dangerous adolescence** and they appear rather vividly before me sometimes now in the more sober moments of my maturity.

One of the dangers that I had, and one of the difficulties which everyone has under forty, is the tragedy of impetuosity. Youth is always in a hurry. I have never known young people who didn't want to straighten out the world in their own generation! I did. I came to this pulpit when I was 23 years of age; I was 23 years old when I preached my first sermon as the pastor of this church. And during the first ten years of that pastorate I wanted to **rake** this old world right over again in my generation. And I started out to do it! I worked at it for quite a while, until I came to the conclusion that I had picked out too much territory. (laughter.)

So I said to myself :"Well, I guess I will save the United States." That was in 1912. Woodrow Wilson was then elected President, and I had done everything I could to elect Theodore Roosevelt. And I said to myself once more: "Well, I believe I have taken in a little too much territory yet." During all the years I have been voting (ever since the age of 21), I have never voted but for one man who was ever elected to public office. (laughter) That is true. I mean in a position of high responsibility. I never voted but for **one** candidate who was ever elected President of the United States. (Now some of you can figure out where I voted in the last election if you want to.) But, nevertheless, that was true. And, with the impetuosity of youth, I wanted to remake the world.

Youth is always in a hurry. Youth can't wait. Youth says: "This is wrong; that is right. Now, we are going to take the wrong and make it right!" I associate with this impetuosity of youth a **lack of perspective,** which is always present where deep experience has not entered into the equation of life's values. That is another thing in which youth finds difficulty. I had it. I didn't see why everybody couldn't see it **my** way. I couldn't understand anything about a sense of perspective and a law of values. I believed that we were born to set the world aright and that the thing to do was to get the job done immediately.

Well, now that I am forty (and most of you are also) and look back over the years which have intervened since I was forty (and there have been years which have intervened since I was forty), I ask myself this question tonight: "When does life really begin?" Up until one is about ten years of age, his life is largely controlled by environmental conditions and reflexes that were given to him by his

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parents; there is very little up until that age which enters into the constituency of self-formulating character.

Then, as one goes out into the world of associations, the time between 10 and 18 years of age, it seems to me, proves to be the **most dangerous** period of our life. I wish you fathers and mothers would realize that more than you do. The most dangerous period of life is between 10 and 18! Then the soul can be scarred with an indelible scar that **never** will wear out by all that life has to offer! There repressions are formed and reflexes induced which, when you think you have forgotten all those experiences gone through during that period , life has not forgotten. And under some special strain or stress or crisis, at 25, or at 40, or even at sixty, those buried years of 10 to 18 will open up like a chasm! That is why it is of paramount importance that the influences and the knowledge which come against the sensitive plate of adolescent life shall be carefully and scientifically developed and trained.

I see fathers and mothers on the street every day, accompanied by their little children, going in and out of stores, who are opening vistas of tragedy for themselves by those almost subconscious emanations which strike against the sensitive plate of growing youth. The time to reform a man is not when he is 40, not when he is 50, not when he is 75—the time to make for success in life is about—well, I should say, 25 years before the child is born! I want you to think over the implications of that. There are many people who have been given the responsibilities of parenthood that never should have been privileged to exercise them! And there a lot of tragedies stalking the world today that can be scientifically traced to a defective background over which they have no control.

That is why I believe in birth control; that is why I believe in the science of eugenics; that i why I believe in every standar that shall raise the very statur of our human life! If we keep o with this helter-skelter busines that we are now doing with di vorce and parentage, we are go ing to ship wreck this old hu manity—not on the rocks, not be cause we haven't churche enough, not because we haven' universities or colleges enough— but because we haven't **sens** enough to be as careful of ou breeding of children as an Iow farmer is of breeding hogs! (Ap plause) That is one of the things

There are more actually insan people **outside** of the asylum i this country than in them! On of the great tragedies of our civi lization is that we can't get hold of ourselves in some o these co-ordinating things. S that a man or woman does no really begin to know what life i until they are forty. A lot o you youngsters here tonigh won't believe that, and I know— because I didn't. Say, when was 20 years old, 40—40—why 40 was an old man. A man 4 years old was an old man!

Well now, what about life? think that all that enters into ou lives—everything of which w are a part, everything that w touch, everything that we see everything that we hear, every thing which comes into the aur of our personalities, everything that we permit to become a par of the sensitive and psychi plates of our personalities—i only a preparation for life' maturity, which begins actuall physically after we are 40. Man physicians and scholars will bea me out in my pathology when say to you: that the human bod at death (even when death take place at 70 or 80) has neve utilized the entire nerve capacit and functioning program wit which the body is endowed! How many of you realize that at death our brains have never bee utilized to within **one-fifth** o their potentiality? The smartes individual in this audience to

night, whether he be as learned as Socrates or Hippocrates has never learned how to function mentally within **one-fifth** of his brain power!

Now this idea about the body slowing down at 40 is all rot. We ought to just begin to live at 40, both men and women. Life at its very highest and fullest does not really begin until we get over the impetuosity of youth and the demand of wanting to set the world right over night. The universities may educate us so as to permit us to come into the arena of business.....yet do you know that there are 20,000 corporations in the United States tonight which have been wrecked by men under forty? Think **that** over! You remember ten or twelve years ago when the business world said: "Ah, a university graduate—just out of school—got a diploma—a Princeton or Harvard or Yale graduate! There is our man!"

What did he do? Look out at the business world today and you can see tragedies of what the immaturities of the men who are under 40 have done to business in this country! But you say: "Oh, well, but the leaders are all **over** forty?" (You may be thinking of an old gentleman now in Greece who is more than 70 years old, or something like that.) I know what you are trying to justify, but I am not talking about a **genius.** I am talking about the average corporate industrial life of American business which has been wrecked by men under forty! I make that statement and I stick to it! And if you youngsters don't like it, then why don't you go out and resurrect American business? It's time somebody did! If we haven't got a program, then let's get a program!

Now, what is the danger about that? Let's take the body for a moment. In here, (with hand over his heart) beating away at a tremendouly rapid pace and under constant strain, there is something which compels my most careful attention, viz., my heart, a heart that is a muscle. And since I was first formed under the heart of my mother and was given that identity as heart, that muscle has been beating; when it ceases to do so, then I will cease to live. I have put that heart under great strain; I have tested it under great and powerful conditions. And I have had to face them too.

When I was young—the other side of forty—I didn't know I had a heart. (I mean, now, a physical heart.) I never thought about that heart at all. I smoked all I pleased; I ate what I choose; I preached and lectured and tramped and hiked and pounded and worried this old body of mine—utterly fearless of any consequences; I abused it frightfully. That was youth. Even under the most careful regulation of modern athletics amongst our youth today, what do we find? We find that the tables of mortality prove that athletes are way down low in longevity; they die sooner than most anybody else! That is the record of athletics. Just look at these men who were football players and baseball players in their younger days, after they arrive at the age of 35 or 40 and 45! Yet see a genius like William Randolph Hearst play tennis at his age where ordinarily any man over 40 who attempted to do the same thing would only be flirting with death!

And the same thing is true with golf. Where does the highest percentage of people who drop dead occur? On a golf course! More people drop dead on a golf course than on any other one place on earth. And why? Well, first because maturity is trying to keep young by doing something that is over-taxing to a body that ought to be nourished and taken care of rather than put to the test. Some of these "old codgers" of 60, 65 and 70 want to be boys again! And so they go out and chase a little white ball all over a 40

acre lot and drop dead! It's perfectly ridiculous and perfectly silly! I am not exaggerating on this; I am just trying to bring you a lesson in what I mean by the physical aspect of this problem.

What about this heart of yours? One of the greatest human heart specialists in Vienna (Whom I am sure many of my doctor friends have heard about), has said this: "The human heart possesses re-creative qualities so that under perfect conditions of care and rest and exercise it could beat uninterruptedly for 300 years." That is the kind of hearts we have; that is what is in our bodies! It's absolutely false: the idea that, because we get old as birthdays go by, our bodies need be impaired because of mere age. That is a fallacy. There are glandular conditions and gland conditions that are subtle almost to the extent of being psychic in their relation to physical health, but in these days of modern science any one who is interested in the preservation of the human body **need not die** as we are dying.

One of the things that we have to do and one of the things that youth never does (that is why "life begins at forty")—one of the things that we have to decide is: "Who is going to rule this temple of the spirit? My stomach or my brain?" If you would come with me into a morgue and see a human stomach opened and see what people do by their own habits to their own stomachs, you would be ashamed to ever violate a diatetic law again. The trouble is that our appetities, our passions must be satiated and our pleasures satisfied, and the result is a broken and decrepit body.

Phillip Brooks was an invald all of his young life; he was almost a neurasthenic. Phillips Brooks couldn't dare face an audience because it frightened him. So he couldn't stand up; he couldn't see that there was any future in store for him at all. Then, finally, he found himself and he re-created his body and re-created his spirit and became one of the greatest personalities of the American pulpit. And he didn't do it until he was over forty. He did it when he recognized that life really began with the sense of maturity.

Why, do you think that I could do within a twentieth of what I actually do if I didn't know something and tried to learn something about the art of the physical harmony of the structure of the body? People say to me repeatedly: "Why, Dr. Bradley, how do you do it?" It's nothing at all for me to go sometimes three and four weeks in a Pullman sleeper without respite, face audiences, and bear the strain and test of it all. They say to me: "How do you do it?" Why, I am **just beginning** to live and I am over forty!

I am doing it, first of all, in the way that I would like to have you do it. Learn every day to find a place in the 24 hours to be quiet and alone with yourself, and get a perspective of your difficulties; learn the art of going into the "silence." Learn how to sit down quietly, relax as much as possble—your collar off and your shoes off and your head back—and when you are worried and frightened, just look at the matter in hand quietly and calmly and open up the floodgates of your life for that constant renewal of divine energy that comes wherever harmony is. More people are ill because they have a disintegrated personality than for any other reason in the world! A disintegrated personality! All your motives are twisted and coerced and broken; and that twisted and disintegrated background does not give you a sense of harmony. And where there is no sense of harmony, there can be no health—spiritual or mental or any other kind.

So the thing that I learned after 40 was how to put myself in harmony relationship with all that is beautful and true. It has

been a schooling and a discipline. have come to this pulpit when I ouldn't even see the organ—vhen I hesitated to open my nouth for fear that I wouldn't be ible to do the thing I wanted to lo. I have experienced the feel-ng that it seemed to me that I vanted to run away from every-hing. And then I said to my-elf: "No, you are just beginning o live. That is the origin of life nd you have got to see life in erms of its beauties and you nave got to be good to yourself." From an hour to two before very lecture, I am on my back, bsolutely relaxed and rested—etting the mind get a chance, etting the heart get ready for the ime when I must face my aud-ence—letting it come prepared to he influx of any spiritual source f energy or power that might be iven to me. Now, I didn't do hat in the old days. I remem-er in the olden days, when Sun-lay used to come, that immediate-y after I got out of my pulpit I vould rush down to the Art In-titute, then go to a concert, pay visit and have dinner with ome friends at about six o'clock, hen go to see someone else at en o'clock—and so I would race round until mdinight. That was ny youth.

But I am learning to live now.)ne really doesn't until after orty. I thought then that I was aving a "good time." But I vasn't. Nothing really gives one "good time" except the constant ense of health, power, love and ght which comes from unity vith the divine source of every-ning! That is the **only** "good me" in the world. And if you re trying to have any other kind f a good time, you are not hav-ng a "good time" at all; you are aving a momentary pleasure nat will bring a remorse that ill hurt so much some time. ut youth doesn't know that; you ouldn't tell that to youth and ake them believe it. You could-t tell that to that young man p there (pointing casually up at ne balcony) (Don't look; you won't know which one I mean anyhow!) (Laughter) He must be saying to himself: "Oh, Dr. Bradley is becoming an old fog-gy; he is becoming a preacher now and I don't like him." But I am just beginning to live—I am just beginning to understand how to live.

Now, if I wish to have a healthy body, I have got to rest it; I must give it an opportunity; I must keep my brain clear; I must give my heart a chance; I must do everything I can to keep this body of mine functioning harmoniously. Don't you see? I am in love with life—and every hour that I live makes me more a lover of life. There isn't a day that I don't glory in life. I love everything in the world: the stars and the flowers, every blade of grass and every little child and every human heart! When you love things as much as I love this world, then you don't want to go away and leave it. **I** don't. I am not afraid of death; not at all! Death is just as natural as birth — and just as necessary. But I don't want to die. I want to live! And **you** want to live! It's natural to want to live. And it's only by taking care of the source of life that we are able to continue life. There is no greater tragedy in the world to me than to see people around 40, thereabouts upward, from then on, who are complaining about "getting old." They should be ashamed of themselves—absolutely ashamed of themselves!

One of the loveliest women I ever knew used to sit down there within the first four or five rows of this church at one time. She was 89 years old. And I remember one Sunday she came up to me and said: "Dr. Bradley, I am mad!" But I answered: "Now, look here, you must not get mad, because that doesn't help things any." "Well, I am! I am angry at that son-in-law of mine." "Now, now, why are you angry at your son-in-law?" I asked. (I knew that deep down in her heart she loved him.) Well, I wanted to

go to see Raymond Hitchcock in that play downtown and he wouldn't take me! He said I was too old!" (laughter) Why, that woman never got old! When she went out of life at the age of 89, her passing was like a poem; she just slept out. When I looked into her face after she was gone and preached her funeral sermon, I thought to myself: "People like that don't die!"

The body has these re-creative qualities; it is constantly going on. They tell us that every seven years (just think of it) every atom in our bodies change, and we become like new persons. How glorious an experience that is! Of course, the tragic part of it is that it doesn't work with regard to hair and teeth. (laughter) But, outside of that, we can get along quite well with our modern science. Those are unnecessary things, and I am speaking about the things of the spirit. When people come to me and say: "Dr. Bradley, I guess it's all over; there is no place for me in a world like this; I am getting old," then I just buckle down and say: "I am never going to get old!" And I don't want **you** to get old. You need not get old. Be very careful of what goes into your stomach and of what goes into your mind and of what comes out of your heart, and you will **never** get old—never in the world.

Don't talk about the past. There is no such thing as a "peak." What's the use of talking about the past? What you did or what I did way back in the past, or even as late as the day before yesterday? Don't let your past tyrannize over you! What do you care about your past? Elbert Hubbard used to say: "that he liked women who had a past and men who had a future." Most everybody in the world that I know of did have a past, particularly anyone who is worthwhile. Don't worry about the mistakes and failures and sins of yesteryear! Jesus understood it. In the classic rebuttal that he gave to someone who was bringing up the past to him, what did he say? With the beauty of righteous indignation, he turned and said: **"Let the dead bury their dead!"** That was the loveliest rebuke he ever gave. "Let the dead bury their dead!" Let those old years die. What control have they over you? And anyone who brings up the past to hurt you is **ignoble** and a **downright scoundrel!**

Don't let the tyranny of the past stand in the way of the future! Never reach a peak! When I was a little boy, I used to go up to the very last row in the balcony of the old Auditorium in this city, listen to that great master of pulpit oratory, Dr. Gonsaulus, and dream of some day having the honor and privilege of preaching like he did. I dreamed of the time when people would come to hear me—come to hear what I had to say. And today, by the aid of science which has given me this little microphone through which I might speak and reach countless thousands, I am probably able to reach more people in one sermon than Dr. Gonsaulus reached in a ministry of ten years. I think of an age like this one and then fully believe that there is going to be no peak.

When people said to me: "You built the church. Aren't you satisfied now? You have reached your peak." But I answered them: "Don't use that word to me. There **is** no peak—none at all!" I am never going to get to the place (if I can keep myself alive and sensible,) where I am going to wrest out any laurels of yesteryear. There is no peak! I have not as yet paid for this thing (pointing to microphone) and I don't see how we will ever raise the money. It's the hardest period of my life and a most severe one. But still I have dreams of purchasing one or two of the houses next door, knocking out some of the walls of this church, increasing the size of our auditorium and institute services whereby we can accom-

modate many more of our friends.

Why, what is life but one grand and glorious adventure—never arriving? That is the glory of it. Who wants to arrive? I don't. The most miserable man in this congregation tonight is the fellow who **is all through**—the man who says: "Well, I have made my money, the children have received their education, I am able to retire from my little business, and everything is all right." I could almost pick them out—the men who have "arrived." You can always tell a man who has "arrived." He just looks miserable! (laughter.)

So I don't want to arrive. At 50 I am going to look forward to 60; at 60 I am going to look forward to 70; and at 70 I am going to look forward to 80! (Loud Applause) And then these youngsters come around and tell us that Dr. Osler said that everybody ought to be chloroformed at 40. That is what he said: "Everybody ought to be chloroformed at 40." Why, no one does his best work until he is 40!

So I want you to take hope and to take heart. Some of these institutions will get some sense after awhile which they will have some use for after they are of the age most capable of using it to advantage. In the Chicago Public Library (where I serve on the Board of Directors), we have one man who has worked in one department for over 50 years. He came into our Board meeting the other day and we passed a resolution which we presented to him. Already he has been there for 50 years of his life. He is an old, old man. And he is the most valuable man in the library in many respects. I think there is only **one** standard that ought to be maintained. Age ought to be left out, and the only question ought to be: "Are you able to do the work?" (Applause)

I want to close with a story. This story came to me and I want to pass it on to you as one of the lovliest examples in connection with this whole theme about which I have been speaking. I haven't been pedantic or scientific tonight; I have just attempted to be inspiring. They have out in Denver, Colorado, the most unusual school in the world; there is nothing like it that I know of anywhere. A Mrs. Griffiths out there has gotten a hold of a very fine idea; that is, she is taking people who are over 40 and who have been sort of interferred with—frustrated in much of their lives and sort of maladjusted—who didn't do the things they wanted to do or couldn't do—and she is helping them straighten out their lives. They go to her as a vocational adviser and she has been able to do some very remarkable things.

Were I to ask everyone present here tonight: "What did you want to be when you were 30? What did you hope to be when you were 40?" I suppose I would find a great array of disappointments. Probably very few of us today are what we thought twenty years ago we might be. Most of us have had to adjust ourselves to life. One of the loveliest things that I have ever heard was from Mrs. Griffiths, who is out there at this school in Denver; One day a dear old colored lady who had been a wash woman all of her life (you want to see this picture), came into Mrs. Griffiths office and said to her: "Honey, jis' look at them hands! They is all rheumatiz and I can't wash no more. But there's something I'se been wanting to do all my life, and I done never had a chance."

Mrs. Griffiths looked kindly at her and asked: "What is it you wanted to do?" And the woman replied: "Bless yo' heart, honey, I have always wanted to be a milliner." Just think! She wanted to be a milliner, while all of her life she had been a wash woman. Mrs. Griffiths said: "I think I can fix that." And so she took this old colored lady into the millinery class of her school. And here is the interesting thing

ladies busy at the door receiving the donations and placing them in the various booths.

Mrs. Bradley was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. Hermsdorf, President of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Schreiger, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Thomas, and Mrs. Roubrick.

Mrs. L. H. Friedrich, music chairman, presented Mr. Geo. Swigart, violinist, and Mr. Edwin Karhn accompanist, who played several selections with the spirit and skill of a true artist. The latter half of the program was given by students of the Vera L. Eshelman school of expression; a half dozen delightfully clever children who danced and gave readings, affording excellent entertainment. Never have there been a greater number of donations, or lovelier things. Everyone seemed anxious to help. Without a discordant note, everything moved along gaily and happily with the finest spirit possible. There were crowds of people both nights to the dinner who remained to enjoy the evening; and a very goodly number coming and going during both days with the luncheons well attended too. In fact it was hard to get the people to go home and allow us to "close up shop," for the night, they were having such a good time.

Chairmen of the various committees were as follows: Aprons, Mrs. Schweizer, Mrs. Ulber. Towels, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Huckins. Pillow-Cases, Mrs. Pehl, Mrs. Slack. Kitchen Booth, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Sackett. Food, Mrs. Pellage, Mrs. G. E. Anderson, Mrs. Benedict. Cosmetics, Mrs. Pehl, Mrs. Beck. Costume Jewelry, Mrs. Thomas. White Elephant, Mrs. Lindquist, Mrs. Johann. Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Daley, Mrs. Pape. Miscellaneous, Mrs. Wolte, Mrs. Walter. Ice Cream, Mrs. Denicke, Mrs. Ahles, Dinners, Mrs. Logeman, Mrs. Masters, Century of Progress Booth, Mrs. Newall.

The Candy Booth was in char of the Sunday School girls.

The Fortune Teller's roo was presided over by members the Uptown Players, as well helping in many other ways. A the Young Peoples Club ran t Movie Theater on the stage.

Mrs. Hermsdorf, Chairma Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Co-cha man; Mrs. Roberts, Chairman Arrangements; Mrs. Harris Affiliation Chairman, compris the Bazaar Committee.

Monday following the Baza the church treasurer was giv a check for eleven hundred d lars. This made everyone hap —to be able to assist the chur in this splendid way when needs it most. To have our wo really count for something mak it a real joy!

Our Radio friends were ma velous in the way they sent don tions from near and far, a came to the Bazaar, had lun eon or dinner, patronized t booths and enjoyed doing th part. To put a Bazaar over s cessfully these days means som thing! It means a great deal It means the people connec with The Peoples Church ha not lost heart—have not l courage—have not lowered th spirit! It takes something m than world depression to do th A little more effort—a little m sacrifice—a greater loyalty determination to see our Chu through this crisis! The Wo an's Club meets every Mond and the splendid attenda proves that its members are fi ing inspiration and encoura ment in the programs offere and in the fellowship of th meetings, lifting them for a li while out and away from pers al cares and worries that in small or large way stand at ev fireside these preplexing tim

With such a spirit let us ca on.

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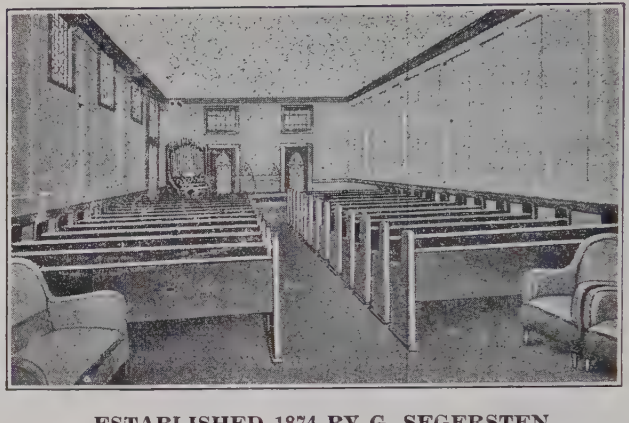

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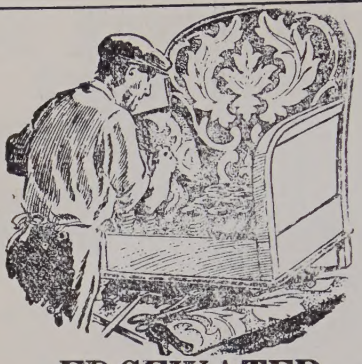

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CHRISTINE PATTERSON

Are Pleased to Announce the Opening of the

BRYN MAWR TEA ROOM

At
5530 WINTHROP AVENUE
SATURDAY, OCTOBER FIRST

GOOD HOME COOKING
MODERATE PRICES
Phone: LONGBEACH 3900

PATS BEAUTY SHOP

4055 SHERIDAN RD.
Phone Lakeview 5126

OPEN EVENINGS

EVERYDAY SPECIALS
Finger Wave, Shampoo, Eyebrow Arch or Eyebrow Dye
25c

MANICURE or MARCEL
35c

EXPERT HAIR TINTING, BLEACHING AND DYEING
At Special Reduced Prices

All Methods of Permanent Waving
INCLUDING SHAMPOO and SET
$2.50

6 Operators At Your Service

Phone Calumet 6620

WALLER COAL COMPANY

1630 S. La Salle St.

WHITE FIRE GASOLINE

A REAL ANTI-KNOCK

FREE GREASING WITH EACH OIL CHANGE

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(Not Incorporated)
PLUMBING, HEATING, DRAINAGE
Jobbing. Steam Boiler Repairs, Retubing Boilers, Garbage Burners
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For Quality Now 80c

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Home Made Candies

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Just West of Sheridan Road

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HAND MADE HATS—$1.85 TO $4.85
DE SYLVIA HATS

We Also Carry Youthful Hats in Large Head Sizes
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LINCOLN HAND LAUNDRY

PARAGON LAUNDRY

CLARK ST. WET WASH LAUNDRY

EUGENE D. SWEENEY
Superintendent of Service

AMERICAN HOME SERVICE CO.

3543 N. Ashland Avenue *Buckingham 1502*

NO PERSON

need hesitate calling this organization in time of need, for here we have made preparations to serve anyone from any walk of life.

Knowing full well that there are many persons who must watch every cent closely, we have always had a low-priced service of high quality and absolutely complete.

DRAKE & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
5200-10 N. WESTERN AVE.,
CORNER FOSTER AVE.
PHONE LONGBEACH 6874

ALEXANDER MEN'S WEAR SHOP

With A Complete Line of
THE FINEST IN GENT'S FURNISHINGS—AT LOWEST PRICES
1110 BRYN MAWR AVENUE

HEBARD STORAGE WAREHOUSES' Reputation Has A Practical Meaning To Its Clientele. It Assures the User of Hebard Service the Acme of Perfection in Storage, Moving, Packing, Shipping and Long Distance Motor Removals.

HEBARD
STORAGE WAREHOUSES, INC.

WHERE DOING IT BETTER IS A TRADITION

Superior Foods At Economy Prices

Fine food need not necessarily be high priced. In planning our daily menu we select the choicest foods obtainable tastily served—in an atmosphere of charm! Club Breakfasts — Luncehons,
EVENING DINNERS 60c—SUNDAY DINNERS 75c
(Drop In After Services)

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"Where the Spirit of Home Prevails"
5547 KENMORE AVE. Phone: LONGBEACH 8292
(Ground Floor Commodore Hotel